

6
All the World's a Stage;

A

1507/663

F A R C E,

I N

T W O A C T S;

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY JAMES BYRN, AND SON,
FOR THE COMPANY OF BOOKSELLERS.

M.DCC.LXXVII.



P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

A N D

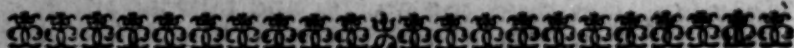
SPOKEN by MR. KING.

PRAY let me see, if what France says be true,
That smiling faces in this land are few.
I'll tell you how they mark you to a tittle.
They say, you think too much, and talk too little.
While you with scorn, cry out against their prate,
And swear, with heels so light, their heads want weight.
Be but some clouds of politics blown o'er,
England would shew its laughing face once more.
For this good end, our bard throws in his mite,
And hopes to steal you from your cares to-night.

Now for our title—*All the World's a Stage*.
The lively French, of every rank and age,
In acting scenes employ their laughing hours,
And life's rough path make gay by strewing flowers.
Let but the fashion spread throughout our isle,
And what makes Frenchmen grin, will make you smile.
The drama, would like Alkalis, protect you
From those sour humours, which so much affect you;
Sweeten your blood, with its swift current mix,
And cure the crudities of politics.
Our farce exhibits such a scene as this—
And low are our *personæ dramatis*.
The various servants at a country seat,
As *aflors*, furnish out the curious treat.
In *Alexander*, will the butler rave,
And nought can *Clytus*, the fat coachman, save.
From Philip's son, you'll see the hero soon,
Dealing death round him, with a silver spoon.

P R O L O G U E.

The cook, *Roxana*, glowing with desire,
 Burns as she bastes—her bosom all on fire !
 The groom and footmen, act their parts so well,
 No longer Tom and Dick, they hear no bell !
 The butler mad—all's in confusion hurl'd,
He can't obey, for he commands the *world* !
 His victories alone possess his brain—
 So master bawls, and mistress scolds in vain.
 Critics—indulge these heroes in their fancies—
 Nor, by your frowns, restore 'em to their senses.



D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Sir Gilbert Pumkin,		Mr. Baddeley.
Charles Stanley, }	Officers in the	{ Mr. Farren.
Harry Stukely, }	army.	{ Mr. Palmer.
William, Servant to Charles,		Mr. Everard.
Waiter,		Mr. La Math.
Diggery, }	Servants to	{ Mr. Parsons.
Cymon, }	Sir Gilbert,	{ Mr. Burton.
Wat,		{ Mr. Griffith.
Hostler,		Mr. Carpenter.

W O M E N.

Miss Bridget Pumpkin,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miss Kitty Sprightly,	Miss P. Hopkins.

Hostlers, Boot-Catcher, &c.





All the World's a Stage.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Inn at Shrewsbury.*

Charles Stanley, and Harry Stukely at Breakfast.

H A R R Y.

FAITH, Charles, I cannot think as you do on this subject.

Cha. I am sorry for it; but when you have served two or three campaigns more, take my word for it, Harry, you will have the same opinion of the army, that I entertain at this moment.

Har. 'Tis impossible; the army is the only profession, where a great soul can be compleatly gratified: after a glorious and well-fought field, the approbation of my sovereign, with the acclamations of my brave countrymen, are rewards, amply repaying whole years of Service.

Cha. True: but the honours we gather, very often adorn the head of a commander, who has been only an ear witness to this "well-fought field"

Har. Ah, but every individual has his share—

Cha. Of the danger, I grant you; and when a return is made of the killed, wounded, &c. you see in every news-paper a list of them in the following or-

2 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

der : three captains, seven lieutenants, twelve ensigns, killed ; so many wounded ; then comes in order, the serjeants, serjeant-majors, drummers, &c, &c, &c. and as to the rank and file, they are given to you in the lump ; one hundred, or one thousand, just as it happens.

Har. But their memories live for ever in the hearts of their countrymen,

Cha. Yes; while the windows are in a blaze on the news of a victory, or while a city-politician drinks his dish of coffee, and reads the story : after that moment, their memories and their bodies decay together. Well, give me a good wife, ease, and a moderate competence.

Har. How comes it, Charles, that with these sentiments you ever wore a cockade? And what is more unaccountable, signalized yourself in so extraordinary a manner during the late war.

Cha. I'll tell you :—whenever I receive the pay of my sovereign, and am honoured with the character of his trusty and well-beloved, I will faithfully, and I hope bravely, discharge the confidence he reposes in me.—But Harry, you have no serious objection to matrimony : if you have we had better proceed no further ; our project has a period.

Har. Not in the least, I assure you : I think myself capable of engaging in both the fields of love and war. I will marry, because it has its conveniencies.

“ —But when light-wing'd toys
 “ Of feather'd Cupid, soil with wanton dulness
 “ My speculative and offic'd instruments,
 “ Let all indign and base adversities
 “ Make head against my estimation.”

There's a touch of Othello for you, and I think *à-propos*.

Cha. 'Egad, Harry, that speech puts me in mind of a letter I receiv'd from Miss Kitty Sprightly, the fair ward of my uncle Sir Gilbert Pumkin—You must



must know we are to have a play acted at the old family mansion for our entertainment, or rather for the entertainment of Miss Kitty; who is so mad after every thing that has the appearance of a theatre, that I should not be surpriz'd, if she eloped with the first strolling company that visited this part of the country.

Har. Let us have the letter by all means.

Cha. [*Reads.*] "Miss Kitty Sprightly sends her compliments to Captain Charles, and as she is informed Sir Gilbert has invited him to Strawberry-Hall, she thinks it necessary to acquaint Captain Charles, that he must shortly perfect himself in the character of Captain Macheath, as the ladies expect him to perform that character at the mansion-house. If he has a good Filch in the circle of his acquaintance, she desires the Captain will not fail to bring him down."

Har. Why, what the devil! I'll lay my life you have brought me down to play this curious character in this very curious family.

Cha. You are right, Harry; and if you can filch away the old sister, you will play the part to some advantage—you will have fifty-thousand pounds to your benefit, my boy.

Har. You mean this as an introduction to the family—Oh, then have at you—but damn it, I can't sing; I can act tolerably.

Cha. I'll warrant you. But come, now we have cleaned ourselves, we will repair to the mansion; we are only two miles from it; they expect us to dinner. William, desire the hostler to put the horses to. Waiter, a bill.

Enter William.

Wil. The chaise, Sir, has been in waiting this half hour.

Cha. Come then, I'll tell you more of my project as we proceed.

Enter

4 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Enter Waiter.

Upon my word, waiter, your charges are intolerable: what, five shillings for a boiled fowl!

Wait. We know your honour is n't on half-pay: we always charge to the pocket of our customers, your honour.

Har. Well, but good Mr. Waiter, take back your bill, and in your charge consider us on half-pay.

Wait. Lord bless your honour! you are in too good flesh for that: why, your honour looks as fat and as well as myself.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! [*Both laugh.*] There is half a crown above your bill, which you may dispose of as you please. Get you gone!

Wait. Your honours, I hope, will remember honest Will Snap, at the Antelope, when you come next to Shrewsbury. *Exit.*

Cha. Mr. Honesty, your servant. Travelling, Charles, is now become so chargeable, that few gentlemen of our cloth, can afford to breathe the fresh air for a day—

Enter Hostler, Bootketcher, and another Servant.
But what's your business?

Host. The hostler, your honour. There is n't such a pair of bays, your honour, in the country; they'll take you to Sir Gilbert's in ten minutes without turning a hair.—I hope I shall drink your honours' health.

Cha. Another fee, Harry—we must comply with the custom of travelling.

Har. Get out of my sight this moment, ye set of scoundrels, or I will knock you down with this chair. [*Takes up one.*] Landlord, hollo! why the devil, don't you send in all the poor in the parish? This is high-way robbery, without the credit of being robbed. Let us get away, Charles, while we have money to pay the turnpikes.

Cha. Allons!

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE

SCENE, *A Hall at the Mansion House.*

Enter Diggery, with a play-book in his hand; Wat, Cymon, and several Clowns, servants to the family, making a noise.

Dig. Hold your damn'd tongues! How is it possible I can tell you how to act, when you all open like a kennel of hounds! Listen, but don't say a word. I am to be Alexander! and, Wat, you are to be my friend Clintus, and—

Wat. Ah, Muster Diggery! you shall see what I'll say.

Dig. Damme, hold your tongue, I say once more—you'll say!—what can you say?—say only what is in the book, and don't be cramming in your own nonsense. But listen all of you and mind—You must know, the man who wrote this play was mad—

Wat. Lord, I should like to play mad.

Dig. Will nobody stop this fellow's mouth? Why, you blockhead, you have not sense enough to be mad; you'd play the fool well enough, but how can you extort that damn'd pudding-face of yours to madness? Why, Wat, your features are as fix'd as the man in the moon's.

All. Go on, Master Diggery, go on.

Dig. Well, let me see—[*Turns over the leaves of the play.*] You, Wat, I say, is to be Clintus; and I am to say before all you, that great Almon gave me birth: then, Wat, you are to say, you lie!

Wat. Ah, but then you'll stick me.

Dig. Never mind that; button your waistcoat over one of our trenchers.—Lord, I forgot to begin right; I am first to come out of a Tim-whiskey, which you are to draw; and when I come down, you are all to fall upon your marrow-bones. And, as to you, Wat, if you even look at me, I'll come up and give you such a douse of the chops, as you never had in your life.

Wat.

6 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Wat. Let us try; now you shall see, Muster Diggery.—

Dig. Then do as I bid you; down every mother's skin of you. [*They all kneel down; Diggery draws back.*] Don't stir none, if Miss Bridget was ringing every bell in the house. When I say "Rise all, my friends." then do you all get up.

Wat. Is that right, Muster Diggery?

Dig. Very well, now—[*A bell rings.*—]Zounds, here's Miss Bridget!

Enter Miss Bridget.

Miss B. Where, in the name of mischief, have you been, rascal? Your master has been looking for you this hour, and no tidings, high nor low.

Dig. I'm going. [*Exit, leaving the rest kneeling.*]

Miss B. Mercy upon us! what's all this? *Cymon!* *Wat!* Are you all mad? Why don't you answer?

Cymon. Hush, hush! Diggery is to play mad; I must not stir.

Miss B. Mercy upon me! these fellows may be struck mad for ought I know. I'll raise the house—Brother, brother! Kitty Sprightly! Where are you all.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir G. What the devil's the matter.

Miss B. Look at those fellows, brother; they are all out of their senses; they are all mad.

Sir G. Mad, are they!—why then, run and bring me the short blunderbuss that's hanging in the hall, and I'll take a pop at the whole covey.

Enter Diggery.

Diggery, what's the matter with those fellows?

Dig. Nothing, Sir.

Sir G. Nothing! why what the devil keeps them in that posture then?

Dig. Lord, Sir, I'll soon make them get upon their legs.

Sir G. Do then, I desire you; and send them all to the mad house.

Dig.

Dig. [*Goes up to them all.*] "Rise all, my friends."
[*They all rise.*] Lord, Sir, we were only acting a play!

Sir G. You son of a whore I get ought of my sight this moment. [*They all run away.*] Was ever man so plagued with such a set of scoundrels? Morning, noon and night, is this fellow, Diggery, taking these wretches from their labour, and making Cæars, Alexanders and blackamoors of them.

Miss B. Brother, brother, if you had routed that nest of vagabonds who were mumming in our barn about two months ago, none of this would have happened.

Sir G. True, true, sister Bridget. It was but a few days ago, I went to take a walk about my fields; when I came back, the first thing I saw, was a large sheet of paper pasted on the street door, and on it were wrote in large character's;

"This evening will be presented here,

"THE GREAT ALEXANDER.

"Alexander by Mr DIGGERY DUCKLIN;

"Roxana by Miss TIPPET BUSKY,

"And the part of Statira by a YOUNG LADY,
("Being her first appearance on any stage.")

Damme, if I know my own house.

Miss B. That's not all, Brother, Diggery, had nearly smother'd that silly hussy, Tippet, in the oven a few days ago.

Sir G. The oven! What the devil brought her there?

Miss B. Why Diggery prevailed upon her to go in, and he said he would break open the door of it with the kitchen poker, and that would be playing *Romo*.

Sir G. *Romo!* *Romeo*, you mean; why, sister Bridget, you can't speak English—Surely some dæmon, has bewitch'd our family! [*Aside.*] But pray what became of Juliet in the oven?

Miss B.

8 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Miss B. Hearing a noise, I went down stairs, and the moment he saw me, he dropt a poker and ran away: but I had sooner opened the door of the oven, than I saw her gasping for breath; and it was as much as I could do, to drag her out, and save her from being suffocated.

Sir G. Why the devil did you not leave her there? she would have been a good example to the whole family. As to that fellow, Diggery, he will be hanged for the murder of some of these creatures, as sure as he is now alive. I overheard him the other day desiring Cymon to fall on the carving-knife, and he would then die like Cato.

Miss B. If they continue these pranks, we shall never be able to receive Captain Charles and his friend; they will certainly imagine we are all run mad in good earnest.

Sir G. How can it be otherwise? Miss Kitty Sprightly forsooth, extorted a promise from me the other day, that when Charles and his friend came down, I would permit the Beggar's Opera to be got up (as she phrased it) in order to entertain them.

Miss B. Brother, that girl is worse than the whole gang of them.

Sir G. Leave me to manage her; I will endeavour to release myself from the promise I made her, and instead of this play, a ball may answer the purpose. I hope, sister, you have prepared a good dinner for my nephew and his friend. He informs me in his letter, that the gentleman he brings down with him, is a man of family, and a soldier that does honour to his profession.

Miss B. I must desire, brother, you will mind your ward, and leave the house to me; let him be related to the first duchess in the land, he shall say, after he leaves Strawberry-Hall, he never feasted until he came there.

Enter

Enter Diggery.

Dig. Lord, Sir, Captain Macheath is just arrived?

Sir G. Captain Mecheath! my nephew, rascal; desire him to walk up immediately.

Dig. Yes, Sir—Oh, Sir, here he is.

Enter Charles and Harry.

Sir G. Ah, nephew! I am glad to see you! How have you been these two years? I have not seen you since your last campaign.

Cha. In very good health, Sir; and am sincerely happy to see you so. Permit me, Sir, to introduce to your acquaintance, the companion of my dangers and my friendship.

Sir G. Sir, you are welcome to Strawberry-Hall. I love a soldier; and I am informed you support the character in all its relations.

Har. You do me great honour, Sir Gilbert; I shall study to deserve your opinion.

Dig. He's a better figure than me—and better action too. *[Imitates him.]*

Cha. I was in great hopes, my dear aunt, that when next I visited Strawberry-Hall, I should have found you happy in the possession of your old lover, parson Dosey. I hope you have not banish'd him.

Miss B. Don't talk of the wretch; you know he was always my aversion.

[Diggery at the side is stabbing himself with a large key.]

Sir G. What are you about, Diggery?

Dig. Sir! *[Puts the key into his pocket.]*

Sir G. Come, come, I'll tell you the fact, and spare her blushes. Parson Dosey, you must know, some time ago was playing a pool of quadrille with my sister, and three of her elderly maiden acquaintances, who live in the neighbourhood, when, behold ye, to the astonishment of all the ladies, the parson's right eye dropt into the fish-tray! Egad, I was as much astonish'd as the rest; for none of us

B

had

10 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

had ever discovered the defect, altho' he has been in the parish for so many years: but in a twinkling, he whipt it into the socket; and when I look'd him in the face, damme if I did not think there was as much meaning in it, as in any eye about the table.

Dig. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir G. interrupts him in the middle of his laugh.*

Sir G. For shame, Diggery! [*Drives him off.*—
Bless me, I forgot!—Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to my sister.

Har. [*Kisses her, and bows very politely.*] Upon my word, Madam, such an imposition deserved a very severe chastisement. I hope, Madam, you never permitted this made up gentleman to indulge the eye he had left, with another view of your fair self?

Miss B. Dear Sir, I hope you don't mind my brother; he is always upon his sagaries; he puts me to the blush a hundred times a day—Faith a very pretty young fellow! I'll take a more particular view of him presently. [*Aside.*

Sir G. No, no; my sister's observation was a just one; "that when a woman marries, she ought to have a man naturally compleat."

Miss B. So, brother, you will go on with your vile conceptions.

Sir G. I have no vile conceptions. Why do you suppose them vile, sister Bridget?

Miss B. Gentlemen, I cannot stay in the room.

Har. Dear Madam, I beg—pray Madam—

[*Takes her by the hand.*

Miss B. I must go, Sir, I am in such a tremble; I shall certainly drop with confusion, if I stay any longer. [*Exit Miss B.*

Har. Indeed, Sir Gilbert, this canonical gentleman, presuming to address a lady of Miss Pumpkin's qualifications, without at least discovering the imperfection, was a crime not to be forgiven.

Sir G.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha ! Miss Pumkin's qualifications ! Stick to that, Captain, and you will soon have a regiment. I find the soldier has not spoiled the courtier.

Har. I really think what I say, Sir ;—the deception was unpardonable.

Sir G. Not at all : the parson was very poor, and he knew she was very rich ; and if the fellow was blind with one eye, and squinted with the other, I could not blame him to marry her, if she was fool enough to consent to the union ; indeed, it was my business to prevent it, but the discovery of the glass eye did the business more effectually than I could do, had I the eloquence of a Cicero.

Cha. But pray, uncle, where is your fair charge, Miss Kitty Sprightly ? She's grown, I suppose, a fine girl by this time.

Sir G. A fine girl, quotha !—I do not like that warm enquiry ; a red coat may spoil my project of marrying her myself. [*Considers.*] I have it ! I'll tell him she's a little crack-brain'd. [*Aside.*] Nephew, a word in your ear ; the poor girl has got a touch.

Cha. A touch ! you don't say so !

Sir G. As sure as you are in your senses ; she's always imagining herself to be either Helen, Cleopatra, Polly Peachum, or some other female of antiquity, that made a noise in the world.

Cha. Oh, ho ! I smell a rat here ; but I'll humour it. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a strange species of madness, uncle ; she's probably play mad.

Sir G. You have it ; and the contagion has run through the house—there's Diggery, Wat, Cymon, Tippet, and the whole family, except my sister, have got the bite. Why, sometimes you wou'd imagine, from the wooden scepters, straw crowns, and such like trumpery, that Bedlam was transported from Moorfields to the spot you now stand upon. I give you this hint, that your friend may not be surprized ; you will explain the unhappy situation of the

12 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

poor girl to him.—An excellent thought! it will keep her at a distance from him. *[Aside.]*

Cha. Harry, my uncle informs me, *[winking at him.]* that his fair ward, the young lady I mentioned to you, has lately had a touch.

Har. A touch! I am heartily sorry for it; how came the unlucky accident? I hope no faithless one-eyed lover in the case.

Sir G. Zounds! no, no, no! Why, nephew, you described the girl's disorder abominably—the lately had a touch here, here, Sir.

[Points to his forehead.]

Har. Oh, is that all? I hope, Sir, with a little attention she will be soon restored.

Cha. I am very sorry to hear this account of my dear little Kitty; let us visit her: where is she uncle?

Sir G. Dear little Kitty! Oh, ho! but I'll have all my senses about me. *[Aside.]* In her own chamber, I suppose: but follow me and you shall see her; she's quite another thing to what she was two years ago, when you saw her—But come, gentlemen, dinner will be shortly on the table, and I long to have a bumper with you. *[Exit.]*

Har. So, Charles! this is the fair lady you brought me down to run away with?

Cha. Even so.

Har. Why, what the devil would the world say of me for being such a scoundrel?

Cha. Marry the lady, Harry, and when you have fifty thousand pounds in your pocket, the world will be very glad to shake hands and be friends with you.

Har. I would as soon marry Hecate—

Cha. As my aunt; very polite truly? But keep her out of my way, and you may do with her as you please. This girl, who my uncle says is mad, I believe I shall be able to restore in a short time; and it will go hard with me, if you will assist in the project, but I will put her in to a post-chaise, and set out for London this very night.

Har.

Har. Command me, dear Charles, in any thing that can be of service to you: but don't you think making the proposal so soon will be rather precipitate?

Cha. Not at all: we are to have the play, you know, at night, previous to which I must rehearse with her; she's romantic, and an elopement need only be mentioned to put it in execution; she has seen so many on the stage, that her head turns on nothing else; besides my uncle must not have time to smell such a scheme, or he will soon put it out of my power to execute it.

Har. Success attend you, my dear boy. Have you instructed William? He's a trusty shrewd fellow.

Cha. He has got his lesson; he will soon get into Diggery's good graces, if he can only give him a speech out of a play; however, I hope William will be able to manage him—Oh, here is Diggery.

Enter Diggery, with a napkin in his hand.

Cha. Diggery, my honest fellow, I am glad to see you; why you are grown out of knowledge: it is some years since I was first favoured with your acquaintance, Diggery.

Dig. So it is, your honour; let me see, [*Considers.*] you was first favour'd with my acquaintance, four years come next Lammas: but I knew nothing then; I was quite a thing, your honour.

Cha. You have improved, Diggery, since that time, I see, considerably.

Dig. How do you see that, your honour?

Cha. Why your face shews it; there are the lines of good sense, wit and humour in every feature; not that insipid face you used to have, no more expression in it than a toasted muffin.

Dig. I got all, your honour, by *larning* to read; you'll see me when I play, look in a way that will frighten the whole family—no *muffin* faces; all *mispres*sion, your honour.

[*Harry hums a tune out of the Beggar's Opera, and acts.* *Dig.*

14 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Dig. [*Looks at him.*] Master Charles, who is that gentleman? He's acting, is n't he? Has he a muffin face?

Cha. No, no, Diggery, don't disturb him; he is one of the first actors of the age, and has a face that would frighten the devil when he pleases; he'll put us all to rights; I brought him down for the purpose.

Dig. Suppose your honour desires him to kill himself for a minute or two before dinner. I have tried a thousand times, and never could kill myself to my own satisfaction in all my life—I'll lend him my key. [*Bell rings.*] Coming—Oh, master Charles, I was desired to bid you and the gentleman come to dinner, but I quite forgot it; the dinner sat down to the family before I came in—run as hard as you can.

Cha. Come, Harry, the family waits dinner.

[*Exeunt*]

Dig. “The family waits dinner.” [*Imitates him.*] I can't do it like him—Lord! how he'll do Captain Macheath in the play! I'm glad he's not to be hanged. [*Sings.*] “Let us take the road—” Hark!

Without. Diggery.

Dig. Coming.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T. II.

SCENE, *a dining Parlour* ; *Sir Gilbert, Miss Bridget, Miss Kitty, Charles and Harry, at Dinner, Diggery attending at the Side-Board.*

SIR GILBERT.

I HOPE, gentlemen, you like your dinner. As to my wine, there is not better in the country, I'll lay a hog'shead of claret.

Har. Your entertainment is so good, Sir Gilbert, that I shall beg leave to prolong my visit. What shall we do, Charles, when we reach London, that cursed seat of noise and bustle ?

Cha. Endeavour to reconcile ourselves to it ; a soldier must not always expect good quarters. Pray, Miss Kitty, how does your fair friend, Miss Sally Cockle ?

Kit. Oh, she has been married a long time, and was lately brought to bed of two thumping boys.

Miss B. Child, you must not tell that.

Kit. What, mus'n't I tell the truth ? Why then I do say, she was brought to bed of two boys not six months ago ; but she will be at our play to night.

Sir G. I told you how it was ; but she's not mischievous. [*Aside to Charles.*]

Cha. She has not the appearance of it—I am sure her recollection is very good. [*Aside.*]

Sir G. Come, my young soldiers, let us have a bumper to his Majesty ; what say you, my boys ?

Har. A hundred, Sir Gilbert ; and I say done first.

Sir G. Why that's rather too many ; but while I can stand or sit, have at you. Come, Diggery, let us have three bumpers in a minute here. Diggery ! What is that fellow about there ?

[Diggery

16. ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

[Diggery is kneeling at the foot of the side-board, and as if lamenting the death of Statira; they all rise and look at him.]

Sir G. I say, Diggery—

[Diggery turns his head about, but continues kneeling.]

Dig. Sir.

Sir G. What are you about? Acting again, I suppose.

Dig. Lord, Sir, I was only striving to cry over Statira. [Rises.]

Sir G. To cry over Statira! And what have you to do with Statira? Let Statira go to the devil, and give us three bumpers to his Majesty, and then you may go and follow Statira if you will.

Dig. Yes, Sir. [Brings the wine.]

Sir G. Come, boys, here is his Majesty's health, and a long, glorious, and happy reign to him.

Kit. Indeed, guardie, you frighten poor Diggery so, that he forgets his part almost as soon as he gets it.

Sir G. Kitty Sprightly, hold your tongue, I bid you. I have surely a right to correct my own servants; but rest satisfied, for after this night, if ever I hear the name of that sheep-stealing scoundrel, Willy, as you call him, I will—There now, that fellow's at his devil's trade again. [Diggery is fencing with a large knife.] Call Cymon here, thou imp of the devil; we shall be able to do something with him—Oh Lord, oh Lord!—

Dig. Cymon—Cymon— [The last very loud.]

Enter Cymon.

Cym. Here.

Sir G. Cymon, do you attend table; that fellow is among the incurables.

Cha. After we have performed this play to-night, I fancy, Sir, the family will have quite enough of it.

Mist. B. Then I wish it was over with all my heart.

Cha.

Cha. Miss Kitty, will you drink a glass of wine with me? Shall I have the honour to touch your glass?

Kit. If you please, Sir.

Har. Suppose, Miss Pumkin, we make it a quartetto.

Sir G. A quartetto! Why not a quintetto? Cymon, five glasses of wine; be quick—I suppose you are not engaged with Statira.

Cym. Yes—no, your honour.

[Gives five glasses of wine.]

Sir G. We could not get any fish for you, altho' we sent far and near for some.

Cha. Give me good roast beef, uncle, the properest diet for a Briton and a soldier.

[Cymon fills a glass; Diggery takes it up, and gives it to him; he appears to instruct Cymon what to do with it; Cymon drinks it, throws the glass over his head, and sings.]

Cym. "And my comrades shall see that I die."

[Diggery and Cymon run off. All rise.]

Miss B. Mercy on me! Cymon's at work again.

Sir G. I wish, with all my heart, the devil had the whole pack—Was ever man so plagued?

Har. Dear Sir Gilbert, do not be uneasy; they will be all tired of playing before to-morrow night, or I am very much mistaken.

Kit. Now, guardie, for my part, I think the best way will be, to let them have their belly full of playing.

Miss B. For shame, Kitty; you must not say belly full before company, that's naughty.

Kit. Well, I do say, that if guardie would only let us play as much as we please, it is very probable, we should as soon be tired of it as he is.

Har. 'Egad, Mrs. Kitty, an excellent thought—The girl's out of her senses. *Aside to Charles.* Suppose, Sir Gilbert, we adopt it.

Cha. Do, uncle; my friend and I will engage in one

18 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

one week to play them so sick, that the sight of a theatre would be as bad as an emetic to them.

Sir G. Do you say so ! If I thought that could be done—

Miss B. Indeed, indeed, brother, it will make them all as mad as March hares.

Har. Believe me, Madam, it will not ; I knew a gentleman, who every night of his life was at one or other of the play-houses, until he purchased a share in each of them, and afterwards he no more troubled himself about the theatre, than you do about learning to ride in the great saddle.

Miss B. No !—Well, that's amazing.

Sir G. Well, well, I leave the management of this matter to you both ; do with them as you please. If we can provide a remedy for this disorder, let us spare no pains to find it out. Sister, shew your nephew and his friend the garden, and do you, Kitty, go too. You will find me in my study.—Take care of that poor girl, Charles ; she is very sensible at some moments. [Exit.]

Cha. “ Fear not my government.”

Kit. That's what the black man says in the play. This is to my own taste exactly. [Aside.]

Cha. “ Oh, my Statira, thou relentless fair !

“ Turn thine eyes on me—I would talk to them.

Kit. “ Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,

“ The fragrant violet, or opening rose,

“ Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.

“ Then he will talk : good gods how he will talk !”

[He leads her out, looking at each other languishingly.]

SCENE, The Garden.

Enter Miss Bridget and Harry.

Har. These improvements, Madam, are the very extreme of elegance. I take for granted, they were laid out agreeable to your design.

Miss

Miss B. Partly, Sir. My brother wanted to have the garden crammed full of naked figures, in a most *undecent* way, but I said *not*; and if you observe, they are cloathed from head to foot; you can't see the ancle of one of them.

Har. There, Madam, you blended decency with elegance, which is little attended to in these days. Besides, the artist has the same opportunity to shew his skill on the drapery of a lady's petticoat, as in finishing a *Venus de Medicis*.

Miss B. And so I told my brother. Says I, the *Venus de Med-med*—But won't you please to *sid* down, Sir? You have walked a great deal; I am afraid you are fatigued—*Sid* down, Sir, and *dispose* yourself.

[*He brings two garden-chairs to the front of the stage; they look at each other languishingly.*]

And are you certain, Sir, that this kind of play business will not be attended with any bad consequences to the family?

Har. Indeed I think not, Madam. A play, certainly is one of the most rational amusements we have. The Greek and Roman stages contributed very much to civilize those nations, and in a great measure, rescued them from their original barbarity.

Miss B. So I told my brother—Says I, the *Greeks*, the *Romans*, the *Irish*, and a great number of other barbarous nations, had plays.

Har. True, Madam.

Miss B. But he said they were all Jacobites.

Har. The justice of that remark, I confess, strikes me—But, Madam, you, you, you—Damme if I know what to say to this old fool—Where is Charles?

[*Aside.*]

Miss B. I have touch'd him with my observations. What a delicate *insensibility* he discovers. [*Aside.*] I find, Sir, from your conversation, you have read a monstrous deal. You have taken a degree, I suppose, Sir, at our principal *adversity*?

Har.

Har. There's no standing this. [*Aside.*] Oh, yes, Madam ; and it cost me many an uneasy moment before I could obtain it : the only thing that made my time pass away even tolerably, was, that during my probation, I sometimes had the honour of a visit from the mules.

Miss B. Pray, Sir, is that the family that lives at Oxford ?

Har. No faith, Madam, they very seldom even sojourn there ; they are a very whimsical family ; and altho' of the highest extraction, very often condescend to visit a cottage instead of a palace.

Miss B. I shall be very glad to see them at Strawberry-Hall, or any friend of yours, Sir.

Har. Dear, Madam, your goodness overwhelms me. I'll try this old Tabby with a love scene ; she grows amorous. [*Aside.*] I cannot but think, Madam, of the unaccountable vanity of the parson, whom Sir Gilbert so humorously described to-day. From the enterprizing genius of this spiritual gentleman, and from his wanting an eye, one may with great propriety, I think, give him the name of the canonical Hanibal.

Miss B. Ha, ha ! a very good *summy* indeed, Sir : he was indeed, quite a *Canibal*, and so I told my brother : but don't mention his name, Sir, it always gives me the spleen.

Har. His presumption, Madam, deserved death. Monstrous ! to think of obtaining such a hand as this, [*Kisses it.*] without the requisites even to gaze upon it.—Oh ! it's intolerable.

[*She, rises, and he kneels.*

Miss B. Dear, Sir ! Lord, Sir ! With what a warmth he kisses my hand. Oh ! he's a dear deluder. [*Aside.*] Sir, Captain, what do you call 'um, if we are seen, I am undone.

Har. Be under no apprehensions, my angel.

[*Kisses her hand again.*

Miss

Miss B. My angel! there's a word for you.—I shall certainly give way in a few moments. [*Aside.*

Enter Diggery, peeping at the side-scene.

Dig. What are these two cajoling about? Acting, suppose. I'll try if I can't act the same way.

Har. Ah, Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin!

[*Kneels; takes out his handkerchief, and weeps.*

Dig. Ah, Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin!

[*Kneels by the side-scene, and pulls the napkin out of his pocket; part of which must be seen when he enters.*

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir G. Where are you, sister? Zounds! what's the matter now? What, are you acting? Have you got the touch?

Har. Humour the thought, Madam. [*Aside.*

Sir G. If Diggery had not been one of the *dramatis personæ*, I should have imagined, sister Bridget, that a red coat and a handsome young fellow, were things not very disagreeable to you.

Dig. Yes, Sir, I'm here; I'm always your honour's *personæ*.

Sir G. Get out of my sight this moment, thou—
[*Exit Diggery.*

Har. Diggery here! that may be lucky. [*Aside.*

Miss B. Indeed, brother, I do not think, that acting is so foolish a thing as I thought for. The Captain here, has repeated so many pretty speeches, that I could listen to them for an hour longer. However, I will go and prepare tea for you.—Good bye.

[*Exit.*

Har. Miss Bridget has very kindly undertaken, Sir, to perform the part of Mrs. Peachum, in this evening's entertainment; and as she takes the part at a short notice, we must indulge her with the book. I shall make a proper apology to the audience upon that occasion, before the opera begins.

Sir G. Mrs. Peachum! What has my sister undertaken to play Mother Peachum?

Har. Most kindly, Sir.

Sir.

Sir G. She has! then I shall not be surpris'd, if I see my she goat and all her family dancing the Hayes to-morrow morning—in short, after that, I shall not be surpris'd at any thing. But tell me, my dear Stukely, tell me truly, do you think that you will be able to give them enough of it? Do you think our plan will succeed?

Har. I'll be bound for it, Sir. If there are any more plays acted in your house after this, I will consent to lose my head.

Sir G. Then give them as much of it to-night as you can—Do not spare them, Stukely. But come, let us go in to tea. Diggery is hard at work, fixing the scenes in the hall, and the whole neighbourhood will be here bye and bye. Come along.

[*Exeunt, talking.*]

SCENE. *A Room in the House.*

Enter Kitty, singing.

Kit. This Charles, notwithstanding my singing, now and then makes me melancholy. He is so lively, and so tragic, and so comic, and so humoursome, and so every thing like myself, that I am much happier with him than any body else. Heigh ho! What makes me sigh so, when I chuse singing?—Tol, lol, lol, la—But here he is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Come to my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex.

Kit. Keep off, Charles; I bid you; you must not lay hold on me in such a monstrous way; that's just like Cymon.

Cha. What do I hear? Death to my hopes, Cymon! Does Cymon lay hold of my dear Kitty?

Kit. To be sure. When I have no other person to rehearse with, I do take Cymon; and he does not perform badly, when I instruct him.

Cha. But don't you think you had better take me? Don't you imagine my performance would please you better than his?

Kit.

Kit. How can I tell, until I try you both. If you will give me a specimen, I'll soon tell you—Try now.

Cha. What the devil shall I say? I do not immediately recollect a line of a play. No matter, the first thing that comes into my head. [*Aside.*] Come then, Kitty, you must play with me. Now mind—Hear me, thou fairest of the fair—hear me, dear goddess, hear—

Kit. Stop, stop; I do not know where that is.

Cha. Nor I, upon my soul. [*Aside.*] What do not you recollect where that is?

Kit. No, Can you repeat a speech out of Romeo, Crook'd-back Richard, the Conscious Lovers, Scrub, the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, the School for Wives—

Cha. Stop, stop; yes, yes, Kitty, I have the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, and the School for Wives, strong at this moment in my recollection. I think I can do—

Kit. What then, you only think, your'e not certain? Lord, lord! I do not believe you can do any thing—Why, Cymon, could say them all without missing a word. I only desired him, after supper, a few nights ago to go into the barn, and get by heart the speech, where the blackamoor smothers his wife, and I had not been in bed ten minutes, when he came into the room, and repeated every word of it.

Cha. The devil he did!

Kit. Ay, and more than that.

Cha. What more, in the devil's name?

Kit. Why to be sure, he was as black as old Harry, that's certain. He had black'd all his face with soot and goose dripping; and he did look so charmingly frightful! But then he did play so well—He laid down the candle, and came up to the bed-side, and said—"one kiss and then."

Cha. What then?

24 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Kit. Why then "put out the light." Why Charles, you know no more how to act this scene than Tippet.

Cha. And, pray, my dear Kitty, what does Sir Gilbert say to all this?

Kit. Why, he'd never have known a word of it, if it was not that it discovered itself.

Cha. How came that? You tell me it was but a few nights ago, and I do not think it could discover itself so soon.

Kit. Why, you must know, that when Cymon kissed me in bed, he blacked my left cheek so abominably, that when I came down to breakfast in the morning, the family were all frightened out of their wits. Mrs. Bridget bid me go to the glass; and when I looked at myself—lord, lord, how I did laugh! I told them the whole story. And do you know, that I am locked into my room every night since.

Cha. So much the better. This is simplicity without vice. [*Aside.*] Well, Kitty, you shall see this evening, how I'll play Captain Macheath. I am quite perfect in the Captain.

Kit. And I have Polly every morsel of her.—Lord, how all the country folks will stare! Miss Fanny Blubber, the rich farmer's daughter, in the next village, is to play Lucy: she will do it charmingly, and, as luck would have it, she is now big with child.

Cha. Really! was ever any thing so lucky?

Kit. Are you sure now, that you will not be out?

Cha. You shall see now—Come, lean on my shoulder—Look fond—quite languishing—That will do—What do you say now? Have you forgot?

Kit. That I hav'n't—"And are you as fond as ever, my dear?"

Cha. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love. May my pistols want charging, and my mare slip her shoes—No I'm wrong—Zounds!—Oh! I have it—"May my pistols miss
" fire,

“ fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am
“ pursued, if ever I forsake thee.”

Kit. Oh, thou charming, charming creature !

[*Kisses him.*]

Cha. Damme, but this girl has given me the touch I believe. She has set me all in a flame. [*Aside.*] But tell me, Kitty, have you thought upon what I said to you in the garden ?

Kit. 'Egad I have ; but I don't know what's the matter ; something comes across me, and frightens all my inclination away.

Cha. Be resolute, my dear Kitty, and take to your arms the man who can only live when he is in your presence. Heaven's ! is it possible, that such a girl as you—a creature formed—

Kit. Lord ! am I creature ?

Cha. Ay, and a lovely creature ; formed for the delight of our sex, and the envy of yours. To be cag'd up in such a damn'd old barn as this ! seeing no company but Cymon, Wat, Diggery Ducklin, and such Canibals.

Kit. Oh, monstrous !

Cha. It's more than monstrous ; it's shocking.

Kit. Is it indeed !

Cha. To be sure.

Kit. Then I will do as you bid me from this moment.

Cha. Come to my arms, and let me hold thee to my heart for ever. [*Embraces her.*] “ If I were now
“ to die, 'twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
“ my soul hath her content so absolute, that not an-
“ other comfort like this succeeds in unknown fate.”

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir G. Hollo ! what the devil, are you two at it already ? why, Charles, are you not afraid that she will bite you ?

Cha. Not in the least, Sir. If I don't make her out of humour with this kind of mumming, before

26 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

she is twenty-four hours older, I will forfeit my commission.

Sir G. If you do, I promise you a better. What noise is that ?

[A board is heard sawing without.]

Kit. It is only Diggery sawing a trap-hole in the floor of the hall. You know we can't play tragedy without it.

Sir G. Death and hell ! we shall have the house about our ears presently—Mercy upon us !—Diggery, thou imp of the devil, give over. Charles, do you stop him. *[Exit Charles.]* Who could have thought of such an infernal scheme ?

Re-enter Charles.

Oh, Charles, Charles ! cure the family of this madness, and I will make your fortune for you.

Cha. He had only began his work, there can be no mischief done, Sir.

Sir G. Thank you, thank you, Charles. As for you, Miss Kitty, do you come with me ; the folks will be all here presently.

[Sir Gilbert puts her arm under his ; she seizes Charles's hand, and imitates the scene in the Beggar's Opera, where Peachum drags his daughter from Macheath.]

Kit. "Do not tear him from me." Is n't that right, Charles.

Cha. Astonishing !

Sir G. What the devil's the matter now ?

Kit. *[Sings.]* "Oh, oh, ray ! Oh, Ambora !
" Oh, Oh ! *[Exeunt Sir Gil. and Kitty.]*

Cha. Well, certainly there does not exist such an unaccountable family as this. As to the girl, she is a composition of shrewdness and simplicity ; and if properly treated, would make an excellent wife. She has thirty-thousand pounds to her fortune, and every shilling at her own disposal. What an old curmudgeon is my uncle, who might provide for his nephew, without

without putting a shilling out of his own pocket, by bestowing this girl upon him; and never once to hint at such an union—no matter—I'll take this little charming girl to my arms, and make a *coup de main* of it. “Then, farewell the neighing
“steed, and the shrill trump; the spirit-stirring
“drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and
“all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance glorious war!”

Enter Harry.

Har. Bravo, bravo, Charles! The touch, I fancy, has gone round the whole family.

Cha. 'Egad, I believe so too, Harry. I have got it, you find.

Har. I have been looking for you this half hour. Such a scene as I have had with old mouser!

Cha. Aye, but such a scene as I have had with the kitten! 'Egad, Harry! I have her, in spite of all her tricks—But who do you think popp'd upon us at the critical moment?

Har. Critical moment!

Cha. Just as I had the lovely girl in my arms, repeating to her the first speech that came into my head, in popp'd old Jowler, my uncle.

Har. Why he caught me much in the same situation in the garden; I was kneeling, kissing Miss Bridget's old damn'd wither'd fist, and swearing by all the goddesses, their friends and relations, when plump he came upon us: no mischief ensued; for he thought I was giving her a specimen of my abilities in acting. She humoured the idea as completely as if she had but just come from a London boarding-school; and the good old knight desired me, to forfeit her, to give her a little more of it.

Cha. “This night makes me, or undoes me quite.”

Har. Good again, Charles—Damme but I think you would make a tolerable actor in good earnest.

Cha. I think I should; and you will shortly have a specimen

28 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

specimen of my abilities, in the character of a good husband.

Enter William with a Letter.

Will. I received this letter, Sir, from a hostler, who belongs to an inn in the next village; he waits for an answer, Sir.

Cha. What can this mean? I know no person hereabouts, except my uncle's family; let us see.

[Reads.]

I this moment heard you was in the country upon a visit at your uncle's; and as I propose staying here to-night, (being heartily fatigued with my journey) will be much obliged, if you will favour me with your company to supper; I am alone, but if the family cannot spare you, I must insist you will use no ceremony with your old and sincere friend,

JOE TACKUM.

“Angels catch the sounds!”

Har. With all my heart—But what's the matter?

Cha. Who do you think is by accident arrived at the next village?

Har. Who, who?—You put me in a fever!

Cha. Joe Tackum, my old fellow collegian, who took orders not a month ago, and who, I suppose, is now going to his father's—Fly, William; get me pen, ink and paper: he must not stir from the place he now is at, to get a bishoprick.

[Exeunt Charles and William.]

Har. Let me see now; can't I find some passage that will be *a-propos*? If Diggery were here, he would find twenty in a minute—Oh, I have it—“If it were done when 'tis done; then would it were done quickly—’tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.” No, no, no, I'm all wrong—Damme if ever I attempt to spout again while I live. *[Exit.]*

SCENE,

S C E N E, the last.

The Hall, with Benches fixed to see the Play.

Sir Gilbert, Diggery, &c. are discovered bustling and receiving the Company.

Sir G. Welcome, my good friends ; welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Diggery, don't be mumbling your nonsense, but seat the company—You are all most heartily welcome—How do you like our preparation ?

Comp. Oh, 'tis charming—Indeed, Sir Gilbert, 'tis charming.

Sir G. Don't be mumbling, Diggery, I say, but look about and observe the company.—Pray sit down all of you, or we can't begin our pastimes ; the actors will be here shortly. Diggery, where's my nephew, and his friend ? Where's Kitty too ?

Dig. She is just stepped out with Charles.

Sir G. Ay, ay, to rehearse their parts together, so much the better. After this night, I shall take care they have no rehearsing of their tragedies, and comedies, and love dialogues ; I'll put an end to this tinker-work business—but come, come ; bustle about, Diggery, get yourself ready, and desire them all to begin ; we have no time to lose.—Now, neighbours, you shall see the Beggar's Opera in taste.

Dig. Here they are, here they are.

Enter Charles, Kitty, and Harry.

Har. Are you sure none of the family know you are married ?

Cha. Not a soul ; but they shall all know it now—
[*Charles and Kitty go up to Sir Gilbert and kneel.*] Sir, this young lady, who is now my wife, joins with me in requesting your blessing and forgiveness.

Dig. No. No, no, no ; you are all wrong ; you
are

30 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

are to confess the marriage at the end of the third act—We begin at the wrong end.

[Charles and Kitty rise.

Enter Miss Bridget, in a rage.

Miss B. Brother, brother, we are all undone—Oh, Kitty! you are a sad slut—The wench is married, brother!

Dig. Why, Mrs. Bridget, you are wrong too; you are to say that bye and bye.

Sir G. You came in too soon, sister Bridget; you have forgot.

Miss B. I tell you, brother, the wench is married.—Are you stupid?

Sir G. I tell you again, sister Bridget, you are too soon; that rage will do well enough presently—Dig-gery shall tell you when to come.—This foolish woman spoils all—I have seen the Beggar's Opera a thousand times.

Miss B. Was ever any thing equal to this? I'll raise the neighbourhood; murder! Robbery! Ravishment!—Bless me, how my head turns round—

[*They all rise and assist Miss Bridget, who faints in a chair.*

Dig. I never saw any thing better acted in all my life.

Sir G. Very well, sister, indeed! Bounce away—I did not think it was you—Very well, indeed! ha, ha, ha!

[*Bridget shews great agitation.*

Dig. It's very fine, indeed!—I wish I may do my part half as well.

Miss B. I shall go mad! You crazy fool you, hold your tongue, or I will—[*Runs at Dig-gery.*] As for you, brother—

Sir G. No, no; now you are out.

Dig. You should not meddle with me.

Miss B. I tell you, dolt, fool, that your niece there, that impudent baggage, is married to that more impudent fellow, your nephew.

Sir

Sir G. What is all this!

Dig. This is not in the play.

Miss B. No, but it is in nature, for such creatures to deceive and be wicked. She is Married, I tell you.

Sir G. The devil she is!—It is a lie tho'.

Dig. Then we shall have a tragedy instead of a comedy.

Sir G. Speak, speak, you graceless pair of imps! What is all this?

Har. Indeed it is true, Sir Gilbert, as I can bear witness.

Sir G. It can't be; it's all a lie—Parson Dosey would not have done such a thing for his other eye, and there's no other in the neighbourhood.

Har. It was not parson Dosey that did the kind office, but honest Joe Tackum?

Sir G. And pray, who the devil is honest Joe Tackum?

Cha. A friend of mine, Sir, who I detained for the purpose.

Kit. Dear guardie, forgive me for this time, and I'll never do it again. [Kneeling.

Miss B. Did you ever hear any thing so profligate and destitute? Oh, you'll turn out finely, Miss!—To deceive us all—What guilty of such an abomination, *in so short a time, and at your age!*

Sir G. What say you that, cockatrice, *in so short a time, and at your age?*

Dig. I don't think it out of character tho'. [Aside.

Kit. Pray, Madam, excuse me; *is it not quite as bad to do it in so short a time, and at your age?*

Miss B. What do you mean, you impertinent slut?

Sir G. Ay, what do you mean, Miss Hotupon't?

Kit. Ask this gentleman, pray.

Sir G. Why, what the devil, sister!

[She looks confounded.

Har. Since I am subpoena'd into court, I must speak the truth. That lady, *in so short a time, and at her*

her age, offered her hand for the same trip to matrimony; but I was not in a humour for travelling.

Miss B. You are all a parcel of knaves, fools and impertinent huffies—I'll never see your faces again [*Exit.*]

Sir G. You ought to be ashamed to shew your own, Miss Bridget.

Dig. It is all in character.

Cha. Consider, Sir, I am your nephew, and my prosperity ought to give you pleasure; besides, I shall not want any thing from you in your will; I am now well provided for.

Sir G. 'Egad, that's a just observation. [*Aside.*] Well, as my sister, who ought to be wiser, would have done the same, I will forgive the less offence. [*Kisses her.*] Make her a good husband, Charles: and permit me to recommend one thing to you; let her never read a play, or go within the doors of a theatre; if you do, I would not underwrite her.

Cha. "My life upon her faith;" and since we began with the wrong end of the opera, we will at least conclude it properly, and suppose we have a dance.

Kit. Ay do, uncle, to vex my aunt a little.

Sir G. With all my heart, girl.

All. A dance, a dance.

Cha. Gentlemen, take your partners; as to myself, I will take Kitty, "and for life."

Dig. Yes, yes; it is all in character.—

Miss Kitty loves the captain, and they wed—

All but poor I contented go to bed;

My tragic thirst of blood not yet allay'd,

I must again draw forth my shining blade;

[*He draws a silver spoon.*]

Nor shall I live in peace till all I kill,

And at the last my own blood bravely spill.

A Country Dance.

[*Exeunt.*]

F



S.

